THE NAUTILUS.

Devoted to the Art and Science of Self-Expression.

Entered at the Holyoke Post Office as second class matter.

Build thee more stately temples, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free; leaving thine out-grown shell
By life's unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

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THE KEY.

All that I craved belonged to me
Good held the gifts and I the key;
It held them waiting my command,
And yet I would not understand;
In petulance and discontent
Full many a wasted year I spent;
I cried "How cruel is the fate
That bids me work and weep and wait
For things which make life worth the living;
Nor rob the giver in the giving;

A little joy, a little wealth,
Result for toil, abundant health;
A chance to do, a chance to be"—
And then I looked and saw the key!
Right in my heart I carried it
Divinely fashioned, formed to fit
The lock of Good's great reservoir
Which holds the things I hungered for.
The key was Love—pure gold, a-crust
With glittering gems of faith and trust.
It fits all doors, it turns all locks;
It leads the way through walls and rocks;
It lifts the bolt, unbars the gate
And shows us where life's treasures wait.
Oh! are there heights thy feet would press?
Seek LOVE, *the key to all Success.*

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

IF I WERE KING EDWARD.

We have been reading with great interest "The People of the Abyss," as it appeared serially in *Wilshire's Magazine.* Jack London, the author, is a great traveler and a close observer, as well as a good generalizer and graphic writer. His description of darkest London is calculated to make one's hair rise pompadour.

His conclusions are worthy of consideration even if one is inclined to differ with him. He condemns "college settlements, missions, charities and what not" as total failures. He says they are utterly inadequate, being based upon a misconception of the true cause of all that misery. He remarks, "Did Destiny today bind me down to the life of an East End slave for the rest of my years and did Destiny grant me but one wish, I should ask that I might forget all about the Beautiful and True and Good; and that I might forget all I had learned from the open books, and forget the people I had known, the things I had heard and the lands I had seen. And if Destiny didn't grant it, I am pretty confident that I should get drunk and forget it as often as possible." Wherein Mr. London merely excuses the People of the Abyss for soaking in beer, as he says they do from the very hour of birth, on the plea that the people who are not in the Abyss are "on the backs" of those who are. He assumes that the rich and the well-to-do are the "Destiny" which "binds" these people in the Abyss. He condemns the rich and well-to-do and condones the individual misdoings of the People of the Abyss.

And yet he says *the best of the abyss people get out of the abyss,* leaving the good-for-naughts to welter in their own muck and propagate new generations of degenerates. A case of treking of the fittest.

If the best of the abyss people can get out of the abyss *there must be something lacking in those who remain; the fault is not all with "Destiny"*—the rich and well-to-do who are "on their backs."

The truth is that Destiny NEVER BINDS ANY MAN TO ANY ENVIRONMENT. The man himself naturally gravitates to the environment which fits him; and whenever he has grown a strong enough desire for something more Beautiful, True and Good, he finds a way into an environment which fits—yes, even from the very mire of the abyss itself he finds an open exit. If this were not so we would all be as the Innuits, a tribe of Alaskan savages, whose manner of living, according to Mr. London, has remained the same for hundreds of years.

I say that, as man develops a desire for better things he naturally gravitates to the environment which fits the new desire. This means that he finds his way into the environment which affords opportunity for *working out* his new desires or ideals. A man with the desire to paint pictures is not picked up bodily and set down in a gallery of finished pictures; which would merely discourage his own puny efforts, or make of him a mere copyist. He is drawn into environment where all his faculties are developed by *effort.* He may need to serve an apprenticeship at a dozen trades besides innumerable odds and ends, before his powers of observation are developed and his muscles limbered enough to serve the purposes of finer art. An art gallery and plenty of paint are not the only requisites for the development of an artist. It takes *life* and *living* to enable him to see and to reproduce to advantage. It is "hard circumstances" which afford genius its opportunity. "Easy circumstances" are ænesthetic.

The people make their own abyss, and when the abyss has done its work of spurring the people on, *there is not an individual of them but can find a way out.*

The missions, social settlements, etc., supply to these unfortunates that which Mr. London would take from them—an impulse toward the Beautiful and True and Good—the *only* power which can permanently do away with the abyss.

Many an individual has found his exit from the abyss through these very social settlements and missions. That the whole abyss has not been emptied through these means is the fault of the individuals themselves, who are as yet too ignorant and sodden to meet the opportunities offered.

Men cannot be saved in masses. The abyss will never be changed by shifting the blame and shouting presto change. It must be *drained* of those most fit to be useful to the world, leaving the hopelessly vicious or helpless, who persist in crawling back every time they are snailed out, to die off by natural means.

The Dr. Barnardo Homes are on the most effective line. Of them Mr. London says:

"Concerning the futility of the people who try to help, I wish to make one notable, noble exception, namely, the Dr. Barnardo Homes. Dr. Barnardo is a child-catcher. First, he catches them when they are young, before they are set, hardened, in the vicious social mould; and then he sends them away to grow up and be formed in another and better social mould. Up to date he has sent out of the country 13,340 boys, most of them to Canada, and not one in fifty has failed. A splendid record, when it is considered that these lads are waifs and strays, homeless and parentless, jerked out from the very bottom of the Abyss, and forty-nine out of fifty of them made into good men. Every twenty-four hours in the year Dr. Barnardo snatches nine waifs from the streets; so the enormous field he has to work in may be comprehended. The people who try to help have something to learn from him. He does not play with palliatives. He traces social viciousness and misery to their sources. He removes the progeny of the gutter-folk from their pestilential environment and gives them a healthy, wholesome environment in which to be pressed and prodded and moulded into men."

To drain the abyss of every child between one and five years old would do away with the abyss in fifty years' time. Not one of those children would ever go back there. Physical heredity is puny, is nothing, compared with spiritual heredity and training. Take a year old babe from the two worst degenerates on earth; place it in a clean, light home; give it kindness and teach it cleanly habits; as it grows give it careful schooling of mind *and hands;* and you may snap your fingers at its so-called heredity. The child will be "pressed and prodded and moulded" from without, and *expanded by interest, love, and ideals within,* until it will lose every vestige of resemblance to its physical parents and develop the form as well as the affections and habits of its foster parents. By foster parents I mean *all* those who help in his development—teachers, friends, writers, etc.

Of course, the younger the child and the healthier the environment in which it is transplanted, the greater the distance by which it will outgrow the old conditions.

There is a senseless prejudice against adopting the children of "low" people or criminals—a prejudice which facts and faith in the power of good latent in every soul, will eventually break down. A babe taken from the abyss stands as good a chance of developing heart, hands and brain as a child taken from "poor but honest," or rich and cultured but unwise parents. I will venture to say that of Dr. Barnardo's boys, the one in fifty who failed was less to blame for the failure *than the family in which he was placed.* Many an adopted child turns out "bad" because never for a moment is it allowed to forget its source and the evil expectations of those around it.

I once knew a wealthy and pious Presbyterian couple who took two poor little babies, a girl and boy, deserted by a stranded ballet dancer mother. In those days "ballet dancer" meant to the churchy mind all that imagination could picture of vileness. These two children were brought up in this pious home with daily impressions of the "fact" that they were limbs of Satan plucked from the burning for Christ's sake, and for Christ's sake held in stern check to crucify the devil in them. Every bit of natural fun was cut short lest it develop into doings like their mother's. Every move was watched for indications of those awful ballet dancer propensities. Every morning and night they were led to solemn family prayers; every Sunday and prayer meeting night they were led to church; and at all these gatherings the pious Presbyterian, who was a prominent church deacon, forgot not to pray the Lord's mercy in saving brands plucked from the burning. His good wife, who was prim and midde-aged, with little corkscrew curls in front of her ears, kept silence in the church; but at home she and the deacon held before these children solemn discourse over foreordination, wherein they wondered if the children of ballet dancers *could* be saved. Daily the children were admonished to be grateful for the Lord's goodness, and to walk in constant fear lest their unwary feet should slip into the bottomless pit that burneth forever and ever. And always the good deacon and his good wife held rigid control over their own emotions, lest by loving the children they indulge them and thus encourage in them those ballet dancer proclivities.

Can you doubt the result? When the girl was eighteen, the boy being a year younger, they ran away from the good deacon and his wife and "went to the bad." That is, the last heard of them the girl had gone on the stage and the boy was a waiter in a hotel. And the neighbors and brother and sister Presbyterians talked of the exalted goodness of such as their bereaved friends; of the base ingratitude and total depravity of that boy

and girl; and of the impossibility of saving children foreordained to ballet dancing and hell.

Thus do the best laid plans of the wisest men go awry for the want of a little faith and gumption. I trust Dr. Barnardo takes good pains to keep knowledge of the parentage of his waifs from the people who adopt them. And may every man and woman, especially the woman, who adopt a child forget that it is anybody's child but their own and God's. May all parents, real or by adoption, steep themselves, soul, consciousness and subconsciousness, in the spirit of these lines, adapted with apologies to Mrs. Wilcox:—

"Say not its evil instinct is inherited,
Or that some trait inborn
Makes its whole life forlorn
And brings down punishment that is not merited.
Back of its parents and its grandparents
Lies the Great Eternal Will.
That too is its inheritance, strong, beautiful, divine;
Sure lever of success"
For those who believe and love.

Oh, would some power the giftie gie us to *forget;* to open eyes each morn on a fresh, sweet world full of goodness and glorious opportunities; to accept each new soul straight from the source of pure good, without memory of the hells through which it may have passed in its coming. Is a sun ray contaminated by the darkness through which it passes? Neither is a spirit ray made evil by the hells it visits.

Speaking of hell; can there be in all creation a worse one than Jack London's Abyss? Oh, I hope not. And *this* hell is right here on our earth, and in the heart of its most enlightened city of London. What are *we* going to do about it?—*we*, to whom are given *dominion* over all this earth! How long shall we permit a hell on earth? How shall we quench its fires and rescue its writhing inmates?

We shall permit it as long *as its inhabitants insist upon living there.* Hell is always open at the top, and there are always missions and social settlements and what not, where people lend a helping hand to those who really want to get out of hell.

Of course *all* those abyss people *think* they want to get out of the abyss; Mr. London thinks they all want to get out; *but they don't.* The large majority of the people in the abyss simply *want to carry their hell into other parts of the earth;* instead of really getting out of the abyss they want to take the abyss onto the heights; *they want to carry their present ways of thinking and living into better quarters*—that is all. And if they could do this *they would quickly drag the new dwellings to the level of themselves;* the other end of London would quickly become like the abyss.

Environment makes the man only when it is *positive* to man. *Things* are always negative to men, always raised or reduced by the power of his thought and will. It is only as environment includes *other and better minds and wills* that it becomes positive to a man, and thus able to unmake and remake him.

To give the abyss people individual and persistent training in right doing, is the only way to make them over. Those who *refuse* this training must be left in the abyss until they want it—as they will in time. If they will not stay in the abyss which matches their ways of thinking and living they must be taken charge of by a positive environment.

If a man is too negative and irresponsible to do his share toward making the world better and nicer, the world takes him in charge and puts him behind bars, where he is at least prevented from making the world a worse environment—prevented from spreading the abyss.

Our prisons:—The places where we detain those who are too irresponsible or untrained to make their own environment desirable, and who persist in getting on the grass so carefully tended by those who are in some degree responsible and trained; ***our prisons should be great institutions of compulsory education, where people of the abyss are taught to use hands and brain for the improvement of environment.***

When we who have made the grass grow beautifully smooth, lay hands on the trespasser we take to ourselves responsibility for him. If we refuse him the right to go where he listeth and do as he pleaseth we must prove to him that there are better things for him to do, and we must teach him to do them. Then, when he has learned, we must give him his own little grass plot and a few tools to begin with; and we must call around once in a while to see how he is getting along and to tell him how glad we are to have that grass plot made so beautiful.

And we *are* doing all this—we are! Why it was only a few years ago that we used to send men to prison for pure revenge. We thought of but one thing—to get them out of our way and make things hot for them while doing it. But see how we are improving our prisons and introducing the educational features along with manual training. Thousands of prisoners live better in prison than they ever did outside, and in prison they receive their first impetus toward usefulness. And we are doing away with the lock-step and even the stripes, and we no longer refuse a man work because he has learned his work in a prison. This is the beginning; we are learning to do still better things for our prisoners.

I knew a little boy, as bright and kind hearted, willing and well-meaning and self-reliant a little chap as you would meet in a day's travel. But he was never taught anything at home. From the time he could toddle he roved the country a happy irresponsible, knowing no law but his own sweet will, recognizing no rights but his own. He would run away for days at a time, and come home when he got tired of adventuring. By the time he was old enough to go to school he could not be kept there. *He could not keep himself there;* he would meet some other boy, get interested in some game and forget school entirely. The playing hookey habit got him into the hands of the city authorities who put him on probation and finally sent him to the reform school. This particular reform school is quite a model of its kind. The boy was simply pinned down and compelled to learn and to work. Being bright he learned fast; being a good boy at heart and meeting with kind treatment at the hands of his teachers, he not only gave no trouble but became a star pupil and a "trusty." He was allowed to go about the city alone, and he never failed to return on time. Then, after three or four years he was sent home on probation. But though the boy *knew* that failure to report at home at proper times meant that he would be sent back again, he simply *could not* resist the temptation to "play hookey." He was sent back to the reform school for two years more, until he should be eighteen years of age. At the expiration of that time he came home a new creature, with a well learned trade, good habits and manners, and fair education, able to *control himself*, and improve his environment. The boy is now a credit to himself and his family; whereas, had it not been for those years of *compulsory education* he would now be in the abyss, whither his child steps were tending.

The other day the papers contained the account of a prisoner's application for pardon. The man has served eighteen years of a life sentence for killing his friend in a fit of passion. His principal plea for pardon lay in the fact that, as he said, eighteen years of *steady work and good behavior* had made of him a new man, able to control himself and help the world.

Yes, if I were King Edward I would empty the abyss by educating it. I would have the strictest of anti-child-labor and compulsory education laws and I WOULD ENFORCE THEM. Every child between the ages of six and sixteen should be sent every week-day to a good school to learn books *and a trade.* If the child played hookey I would lock him up in school until he could command himself to appear at proper hours. If the parents could not support the children in school until they were sixteen years old I would have the children housed, fed, clothed and *mothered* at public expense. I would take them from the parents and give them a better environment. Then if the parents could not or would not take care of themselves in cleanliness I would open other institutions for their care. "Poor farms" should be made over into *good farms* for their reception, where all should be well and simply housed, clothed and fed, *and taught books and a trade*—their own choice of a trade—just as their children are taught. We are all human beings, young or old, and we all need practically the same treatment.

Then, if I were King Edward (or the power he represents), I would give the cross of the Legion of Honor, and an earldom, and a princely fortune to those men and women who *demonstrated* the highest ability in turning out the happiest, healthiest and most useful and *original* boys and girls of *any* age over sixteen or eighteen years. The biggest plums in my kingdom should go to the people who were most successful as health-, happiness-, usefulness- and success-cultivators. And no man or woman who could not after a year of teaching succeed in gaining the *love* and respect as well as the *intelligent interest*, of a VERY large majority of his pupils, should be immediately reduced to the ranks. And no matter how good a teacher had been, nor how long he had served, as soon as he began to lose the love, respect or intelligent interest of his pupils I would retire him on a pension. I would make it an object to the best fitted men and women to be always eager to step into the ranks as teachers. I would do away with the army and navy and turn all those honors and pensions and other plums over to the army of peace-promoters, the army of teachers. And I would refit the war-vessels I happened to have on hand and use them as floating schools, in which all my students, young and old, should take turns at a year of travel in foreign waters, as a sort of finishing touch to their schooling.

But then, I am not King Edward. And I have *plenty* to do, right in my own little corner, which is a very important corner after all. My little corner couldn't be got along without, without disarranging the entire universe, and in all creation there is nobody else but me who can really fill my corner. I have not King Edward's power *but I have my own.* So, perhaps, after all, it will be better for my corner, and for all the universe, if I spend not too much of my time and energy in figuring out what I would do if I were king of Jack London's abyss.

There are lesser abysses in my own corner; and if I attend pretty strictly to that I may be able to do away with some of them, if not all. What think you?

The abyss stands for *all* poverty, ignorance, uncleanness, unhappiness. The abyss is a relative thing; take the heights away from it and behold, there is no abyss; or, level the heights *into* it and the abyss is gone, likewise the heights; or, fill in the abyss and bring it to the heights level, and lo, there are neither heights nor abysses—only tablelands of Nirvana.

There are no *deep* abysses in my particular corner—no extreme poverty, filth or unhappiness. On the whole mine is a pretty nice, clean, happy corner, and everybody in it is pretty nice, clean and happy. But there are *little* abysses where things might be nicer or cleaner or happier. I can give my corner a touch here and another there; I can let in a little more sunshine; I can lend more touches of appreciation; and thereby incite to better deeds and greater happiness those around me; every day I can pour the oil of gladness on many a little threatened friction.

Such an inexhaustible store of the oil of gladness I have—straight from the heaven within me and over all; and such power as this oil has in limbering up people who are *trying to get out of the abysses of unhappiness and unusefulness;* and such opportunities as I have to pour it—over those of my household and those who come to my household, the grocer, the baker, the gas man (the butcher never comes, nor the candlestick maker), the delivery boys, the laundry boy, the express men, the woman who sweeps and cleans, and even the occasional tramp whom I refer to the board of charities; and when I go away from home there are more opportunities to pour gladness, with or without tips—there are the salesgirls who appreciate a smile and like to return it, and who give

back full measure of *willing* service for all the oil of gladness I can give; there are the salesmen, too, who appreciate courtesy and repay it in kind; there are even the urchins who cry "Transkip, Telegr'm, Ge-ur-nul!" and who almost prefer a smile to a sale;—all these receive the oil of gladness and run more smoothly for the time. Then, if I belong to church or club or other society there are a thousand other chances to pour oil—to help the world run smoothly toward the heights. All this I can do in addition to using my vote when I have one, for the best cause and the best man, instead of using it for the particular party I claim as mine.

In all these ways I can use my power toward emptying the abysses of my own vicinity and *inspiring those with whom I come into touch to help empty theirs.* It may be that in this way my power will pass from one to another and reach even to King Edward himself, inspiring him to do still more to empty that great abyss Jack London writes of. *None of us can fully trace the extent nor course of his power.*

But above all things and in all things I can be *faith-ful.* Even in London's abyss I can gaze and believe in the *God* in man—the God seeking expression. I can *feel,* not that man in his depravity has *descended* to these depths, but that *he is ascending through them;* not that King Edward and the power he represents are "on the backs" of these people, nor that they are willingly unregardful of them; but that, like me, *they don't yet know just how to go about the emptying of that abyss.* They are experimenting with "missions, social settlements and what not," and by these experiments they are learning how to change such conditions *and people.* For the *great* need is to *change the people;* without this a change in condition is less than nothing.

And the changing of people is a matter of development from within—a matter of growth; hence the futility, the impossibility of presto change methods. I can believe that Edward VII is doing his best in his little corner, as I in mine; and that as the years roll *we shall both know more and do better.*

Jack London went into the abyss, and came out again; and the *abyss is still there.* Why did not *he* wipe out the horrors he writes of? For the same reason I don't, or Edward doesn't—he does not yet know how and has not the power.

Saving the world from its abysses is a matter of saving individuals from themselves; and only an infinitesimal part of this saving can be done from the outside of the individual. But give us *time* and *we shall save ourselves,* to the very last soul.

And in proportion as we save ourselves shall we be able by example and inspiration to help save others.

We are *all* peaches—green peaches; and experience and the Universal Spirit are ripening us. Already there are delicious rosy spots of ripeness showing, and soon we shall be ripe all over.

As you and I are in this world so are all others.

The world itself is a ripening peach; the abysses are only green spots. And tearing of hair and gnashing of teeth will not help the ripening. But *faith,* and good working and voting, and plenty of kindness, *will.* And I wouldn't wonder if *your* little smile in your corner, and my little smile in mine, are *both* traveling from one to another, on and on, until they shall be *felt even in that London abyss.*

THOUGHT, BREATH AND EXERCISE.

Your thoughts are yours to command, and you learn by continual practice to command them satisfactorily—just as by continual practice you learn to play the piano. If you permit yourself to entertain depressing thoughts you must expect to *feel* depressed.

The only way to abolish depression is to entertain bright thoughts enough to keep you *feeling* bright. Break off depressed feelings by bright, hopeful, resolute optimism, which will quickly produce its corresponding feelings. In time, by *persistent practice,* you can form the *habit* of thinking and feeling bright.

The *easiest* way to change the current of your thoughts—and feelings—is to devote your mind for a time to vigorous, resolute movements of your body, or to some piece of active work. Throw open the windows, or better still go out doors, and take a few moments of full breathing exercises, with positive mental repetitions of such words as *Peace, Courage, Love, Freedom, Joy, Good.*

Ordinarily this will turn your thought current and give you full control; but if not then go invent and perform with a will some new physical exercises, or better still go do some piece of active and necessary work, with all the interest and will and *ingenuity* you can muster. Do it *better* than it was ever done before. By the time you have finished you will find yourself feeling better and brighter and well able to turn your thought into chosen channels.

There is a physiological reason for all this, the statement of which will help you to understand, and give you a *reason* for following these directions. It is this: In all kinds of mental exercise, either good or bad, there is a gurgitation of blood to the brain. "Nature" sends a reinforcement of blood wherever it is needed to carry supplies and *carry away* the debris made by the extra activity. The debris is carried away to the lungs where it is expelled from the blood at the same time fresh supplies are taken into the blood. When the circulation of blood is even throughout the body you have good control of body and thought; but a rush of blood to any particular portion of the body is like a rush of people to one spot—the greater the crowd the less control the authorities (the governing parts of yourself) have over it.

When you have a crowd of thoughts and blood in the brain if you *sit still* the thoughts and blood keep on crowding like a senseless and excited mob of people, and the longer you sit the less power you have to scatter either thoughts or blood.

The only effective way to quell a mob is to draw it off on the side streets; and the only way to quell an excited crowd of thoughts which have taken possession of your brain and *you* (the governing self) is to *draw off the blood, leaving the brain without cause of extra excitement.* In other words, restore normal circulation and you will find yourself well able to control thoughts and body.

The lungs are not only the portion of the body where the blood is cleansed and new supplies of oxygen and ether *and life* taken on, but it is a great bellows for regulating the circulation of blood. A few extra *resolute* expandings and contractings of the chest will in ordinary cases prove sufficient to dissipate a gathering crowd of blood and thought, and restore to you your command.

Whatever part of your body is exercised draws an extra supply of blood. When your brain is over exercised just exercise your chest muscles resolutely and fully and slowly, and you will draw off blood *and thought* from the brain. But if this alone is not sufficient to restore to you your lost command proceed to exercise other portions of the body to draw still more blood. And often a drink of hot milk or coffee will help, because it draws the blood and energy away from the brain to the stomach. To *breathe* enough and *exercise* enough and *eat* enough (but not *too* much) to keep up a *positive* circulation of blood, is the key to control of thought and *feelings* as well as body.

Healthy, positive thought cannot be generated in a body whose circulation is persistently uneven or sluggish; and you may depend upon it that the easiest way, and perhaps the *only* way, to acquire thought control is to establish a *positive* circulation of blood. *Your body is all mind, and it is that part of your mind which is negative and easiest controlled; and by the controlling of which you gain power and wisdom to control and direct to higher uses* your so-called "higher self."

Body and mind are *one,* and neither can be controlled without controlling the other. So don't imagine that a few minutes a day of mental "concentration," will accomplish all you desire; and be not ashamed to supplement your mental self-treatment with plenty of good "physical" treatment in the way of breathing, exercise and sensible eating.

A chilly feeling means that the blood is crowding some internal organ or organs. Uncomfortably cold hands or feet indicate that the blood is crowding some other portion of your body. It is not at all necessary for you to know *what* portion of the body is being crowded, nor why. All you need to do is to *take the hint* which cold feet or chilly feeling conveys, and restore positive circulation. If you do this, and *persist* in correcting circulation you will avoid the *kicks* of those organs to which the blood has been gurgitating, and which will in time, unless the poor circulation is corrected, manifest some sort of disease. I surmise that *all* functional diseases and many organic ones result from poor circulation of blood and the consequent crowding of the particular organ affected. No organ could be overcrowded with blood *provided* the blood was *kept moving through it,* carrying into the organ fresh supplies of oxygen, ether and vril, and carrying *out* of it the refuse being thrown off continually by the cells. But the crowding of *stagnant* blood permits the generation of poison and disease. It is like the crowding of the Great Unwashed in the slums of New York—or in Havana before the American invasion.

Cold feet or a chilly feeling indicates three things:—First, negative thinking or thinking too long continued on one line; second, shallow and uncontrolled breathing; third, too little active use of some part or parts of the body. (This last includes digestion, which is an active use of the body.)

Not one of these three things can be normal of itself. Thinking, breathing and exercise constitute an interdependent sort of Siamese triplets, not one of which can bear neglect without injury to all three, and not one of which can be well cared for without benefiting all three.

Positive, healthy thinking tends to full breathing and healthy bodily activity.

Full breathing inspires positive thinking and physical activity.

Physical activity induces full breathing and positive, healthy thinking.

Neither thinking, breathing nor bodily activity can be healthy unless ALL *are healthy; and anything which improves one improves all.*

I wonder when mental scientists will really *wake up* to the fact that ALL *is mind;* that breathing and exercise are *just* as "mental" as thinking is?

We are not material creatures living in a material world, nor spiritual creatures in a material world; I wonder how soon we shall quit talking and acting as if we are?

We are mental or spiritual beings in a mental or spiritual world, and ALL *our activities are mental or spiritual;* I wonder how soon we shall wake up to the truth of our being? I wonder how soon we shall *quit seeing double?*

—Wipe the limitations from your own mind and you will find none in your environment.

—*In re* slang and good English read Sherwin Cody's "Good English Club," the first paper of which began in January *Housekeeper,* to be followed by other papers each month this year. Sherwin Cody is a college professor who has written a most concise and illuminating little library of four small but mighty books on "The Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language," which sell for $3.00 for the set. He is an entertaining and instructive writer whom I recommend to the earnest attention of *Nautilus* readers who are aspiring to literary honors. *The Housekeeper* is published at Minneapolis, Minn.; price only sixty cents a year—a monthly magazine almost as large and complete as *Ladies' Home Journal.* And another item of interest to aspirants for literary emoluments will be found in *Harper's Magazine* for December and January—two papers by Thomas R. Lounsbury, professor of English at Yale University, who answers his own question, "Is English Becoming Corrupt," with a lucidly explained and humorously illustrated negative.

THE BREATHING OF IRON INTO STEEL.

Thirty-nine years ago, when the Bessemer converter was invented, the Age of Steel began.

Perhaps no other one invention has done so much to influence our civilization as this Bessemer converter.

It is a great iron, brick-lined vessel in which cast iron is made into steel. From ten to fifteen tons of molten cast iron are poured into it, and then from two hundred little holes in the bottom of the vessel a strong current of air is forced up into the mass of liquid metal.

As the air rushes into the converter it makes the iron almost twice as hot as it was before. All the waste matter is burned up. The silicon, sulphur, carbon, etc., are destroyed by the fierce heat, and nothing but steel remains.

The great mass of molten metal hisses and roars like a living thing in pain the moment that the air is pumped into it. Showers of sparks fly from its mouth. A column of white fire breaks from it, as if it were a volcano in eruption.

Such is a Bessemer converter—the fiercest and most strenuous of all the inventions of man. It is simply a blast furnace that breathes. One long, deep breath and the iron is iron no longer. It is the finest and best of steel.

You can never forget how steel is made if you remember this—that you are in a certain sense a Bessemer converter yourself. Whenever you take a deep breath, you are burning up the waste matter in your body.

The air that you take into your lungs is changing bad blood into good blood. It burns up the poisonous matter just as the air forced into the converter burns up the silicon, sulphur and carbon. There is more difference between your blood before and after it has been through the lungs than there is between the cast iron and the steel.

A Bessemer converter must have plenty of air, and pure air. If the air from some sweatshop or basement bakery were pumped into the converter the result would be a very poor quality of steel.

The tens of thousands who die from consumption and pneumonia might save their lives if they would remember that their lungs are made on the same plan as a Bessemer converter. Nothing but plenty of pure air can make either good steel or healthy human beings.

Whether we are like cast iron or like steel depends upon whether or not we burn up the waste matter of the body in the lung furnace. You can easily test this by taking fifteen or twenty long breaths of fresh air. At once you will feel warmer and your head will be almost giddy with the swift circulation of new blood.

Sir Henry Bessemer, an Englishman, is generally given credit for the invention of the converter. But some authorities say that the real inventor was William Kelly, an iron master of Lyons, Ky.

It is said that Kelly made the original machine in 1847, and that Bessemer heard of it from an English workman in Kelly's employ. Bessemer did not make known the invention until 1864.

Kelly was unfortunate and became a bankrupt. When he died he was comparatively poor, while Bessemer was made a knight by the British government and became very wealthy.

Before the invention of the converter steel was seven cents a pound. Today it sells at the rate of three pounds for two cents.

In 1861 the total amount of American steel produced was 653,164 tons, while last year it was 17,821,307 tons—the greatest amount ever produced by any one country.—HERBERT N. CASSON.

(The above article, clipped from a weekly newspaper, is too good to let die; so I preserve it here for the benefit of *Nautilus* readers who may need an incentive to practice full breathing exercises with their affirmations. E. T.)

—(From Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.) "Will you send me a few copies of January number 'To Free Your Soul?' 'T is exceptionally good. I know not of any who take your paper. I am coming in touch with hungry souls ready for Truth. The reading of the beautiful books I sent will give you some idea of these lovely isles. Wish you could come and feast your eyes and soul on the varied kinds of humanity here. 'T is an object lesson that is hard to solve, but Eternal Brotherhood's love embraces all, and no questions asked. If you go to St. Louis fair be sure to look at the Hawaiian exhibit. The many hued fishes are a marvel. If William is especially interested in the finny tribe tell him to send to Washington, D. C. They are preparing books with water-colored plates of varieties of strange fish which the Albatross obtained on her fishing observations. A tourist's visit here must embrace a luau, a native feast, which the whites accept with very good grace. All eaten with fingers; pig, wrapped in ti leaves and roasted in the ground with hot stones, and surrounded with sweet potatoes and fish wrapped in ti leaves. All clean. Soda water drank from the bottle; and dishes of polished cocoanuts filled with poi, are parts of the menu composing a native luau. Matting on the grass and strewn with fern leaves, composes the table. So natural for them to squat to all their work—washing out of doors, and ironing the same, using charcoal irons. Mother-hubbards and bare feet are the style, and French heels and other stylishness when dressed up. 'T was hard to realize Xmas with its vernal hues, flowers, fruits and breezes, sunshine and shower, marching hand in hand under the rainbow's arch; white and lace robed shoppers sauntering along. Then, a look at the shimmering blue-green Pacific is restful. O, so great is the contrast and varied its scenes and customs, with its many nationalities mingling side by side in all departments of trade, etc. I am tired out telling it over to distant ones. * * * I cut my name from the wrapper and paste in at the top of *Nautilus* and find it very convenient as a reminder of end of subscription and when lending copies." Mary Olive Coonradt.

(This letter from Mary is too graphic an account to keep hidden in a file. You will all enjoy her impressionistic sketch of her new home, to which she went from San Francisco. Mrs. Coonradt is one of the oldest friends of *Nautilus* and a little sister of all the world—a lifter, not a leaner; and an old friend of Lucy Mallory of the *World's Advance Thought* of Portland, Ore. E. T.)

YOU ARE INTERESTED

In that $10 cash prize item on page 7. Read it carefully, and do it please.

—What a moving, writhing, unsatified world this is; nobody pleased with his circumstances; everybody straining and striving to better them; and not a soul content with its ideal after realizing it. Such a seething caldron of life as it is! And such a difference in our ways of looking at life. When we are depressed, when our nervous energy is depleted, the thought of all this straining and striving and unsatisfaction fills us with horror and despair; life seems not worth the living. But when we feel fresh and full of energy it exhilarates us and gives us joy to think of all this *pressing forward* to better conditions. Whereby I am reminded that one's *first* consideration in life should be *not* how much or what he can do, nor even how much or what he can think; but how *vitally alive he can keep himself*. When love, courage, energy run high it is easily possible to think and do the high things we all want to do; but when love and courage and joy of life run low then it is next to impossible to think or do right. Therefore the *first* duty of every individual is to love and enjoy, for out of love and joy come all good thoughts and acts. The wise one *lets nothing* hinder his loving, and in the midst of even the most doleful or tragic events of life he seeks always the humorous, or at least the comforting, point of view. He takes life as a *play*, upon the villains of which he is careful not to waste too much sympathy, and in the harrowing situations of which he remembers always that *it all works for good and will come out right in the end.*

—I believe in truth wherever I find it; and I found the whole philosophy of life in the Bible, illumined by the spirit in me. I did not take isolated passages for anything and I dwelt much with the idea that "the spirit shall lead me into all truth." I trusted the spirit to enlighten me as to the meaning of that which I read in the Bible—or anywhere else. Jesus said, "I and the Father re One." And he said also, "As I am in the world so are ye." The spirit tells me that the real soul of us *all* is the one God. The same spirit will tell you the same truth when you are ready for it. The way to get it is not to ask for people's opinions of these things, nor even to seek the Bible's opinions of these things; but to *trust the spirit which is in you* to reveal to you the truth. The spirit in you is God himself. God has spoken through the ages and through all prophets. He is now speaking through the prophets of the 20th century. "The voice of the people (*all* the people) is the voice of God" is no metaphor. It is fact. Truth does not come to us from Moses or the disciples; it comes to us direct from the universal spirit. When we read Moses we say to ourselves, "Yes that is truth." We say that *just so far* as we can understand as Moses understood. What we see written reminds us of what we already know; otherwise we only reject it. The spirit is the one source. To pray to the spirit is to let your "heart's sincere desire" ascend toward the spirit. We pray best when we know it least. Jesus meant that, when he said go into your closets and pray, instead of making ostentatious forms of it for the benefit of the public. You say, perhaps, if you believed in me fully you would *have* no God to pray to but yourself. In that idea you reveal your small opinion of yourself. When I say I AM, I identify myself with God. I mean God, not my little skin-bounded self. Saint Paul meant the same thing when he said, "I know nothing of myself"; and Jesus referred to the same when he said, "Of myself I can do nothing." When I say I AM I refer to the soul, the spirit. When you say I AM you think only of that which you cognize by the five senses. That is the difference. If you want to know the truth *be still*. Let *the* spirit lead *you* into all truth; and always remember that what is truth today to you is only a partial glimpse of the whole; and your opinions may be greatly modified tomorrow. Leave room in your think-cap for the modifications of tomorrow.

—"The *Nautilus* is such a joy to me—it takes constant effort at concentrating my desires to keep from sending it to fifty people! Each *Nautilus* is read, unless I give it to someone, until it is worn out." Mary Herring Hudson, Havana, N. D.

—One of our new Chicago members of the Success Circle says, "I am a very busy student in the junior class in a medical college, am a housekeeper, wife, mother and grandma besides. Have set my stake to graduate and pass the state board." Bless these giddy young grandmas with gumption and go! I love them, and success is theirs.

—"Our bookkeeper states that personal checks are cashed here at an expense of from ten to fifteen cents each. Some concerns, like the *Now* folk, will not take personal checks. Surely we need the new postal currency system. Why do you not make a fuss about it in *Nautilus?* It is a shame that it was not adopted long ago. Ask William." —Elmer Ellsworth Carey, Co-Editor of *Suggestion.*

We *do* need postal currency—need it badly. It is a shame to have to pay so much for money orders, and stamps are an awful nuisance when used instead of money. There is a bill before Congress now providing for relief on this line, and I hear that Madden or Payne or somebody has recommended its adoption. Let every *Nautilus* reader write a courteous but urgent request to the congressmen of his state, to use their whole influence to have that Post check system made a law to go into immediate effect. *Now* is the time to help along the millennium by giving us clean, easy and safe money. Ask your congressmen to vote for the Post check system quick.

—*The Nautilus* stands above all things for self-help. It occurs to me that an experience meeting is a good thing to develop the spirit of self-help. What do you think about it? Let's have an "Experience Corner" in *Nautilus* next month; if it proves helpful we will keep it up. Send in your experiences of *personal demonstration* over unpleasant conditions; tell *briefly* what you accomplished and *how* you did it. Of course if you had someone to speak the Word *for* you the case will not count. This corner must be devoted to real *self*-helpers. Write your experiences on *one* side of the paper only (so it will make good copy for the printer) and *do not mix it up with orders.* Unless you observe these injunctions carefully either your experience or your orders may be overlooked. Head your experience letter "For Experience Corner." And be sure to give full name and address, and to *tell me whether or not I may publish them.* Otherwise I will use my best judgment in the matter. I believe this Experience Corner can be made very helpful in inspiring people to do things for themselves, instead of calling in a healer or a doctor—or trying to run away from hard conditions, as we so often feel like doing.

INDIVIDUALISMS.

By William E. Towne.

CO-OPERATION. The time is at hand when we must look for some permanent solution of the problems which arise through the warfare now being waged between capital and labor.

On the one hand we have organizations of employers of labor, as in the great trusts, and opposed to these are the labor unions.

So long as either the trust or the labor union exists there will be no permanent settlement of the differences between them.

Neither would socialism, as ordinarily defined, offer an altogether satisfactory solution of the problem.

There is a "missing link" in the trust, the labor union and in socialism. That "missing link" is the spirit of altruism or co-operation, which seems to be almost entirely lacking.

Take up almost any socialist publication and you will find it full of abuse for the capitalistic class, while it offers very little in the way of a practical, constructive philosophy which would forever settle the capital and labor fight.

Organized labor has accomplished great results. But organized labor may become as perfect a monopoly as the organizations of capital against which it fights.

In a recent article in *McClure's*, by Ray Stannard Baker, he says truly:

"Organized labor has made life better worth living for thousands of women and child laborers, to say nothing of what it has done in giving dignity to labor generally, and in forcing from unwilling employers more of these concessions which all the public now approves. But with great power comes great danger of excesses in its use."

The labor unions, socialism and all similar plans are preparing the way for the final adjustment of the difficulties they seek to remedy. All are doing a good and important work in the cause of social evolution.

But until capital and labor reach the point where they can see that the best interests of both lie in co-operation, they will continue to fight each other while the middle class pays the cost of the warfare.

We are all parts of one great body. And the highest good of all demands that no individual or class of individuals shall institute a monopoly of the wealth of the world.

Horace Traubel recently discussed organized labor in reviewing John Mitchell's new book in *The Conservator*. I would like to quote his article entire but have only space for the following:

"I see your unions and I believe in them. And I see the unions of employers. And I believe in them, too. And I believe your unions and their unions are ripening for some kind of an encounter. And I hope you will win. Yes, I know you will win. The law of the labor union is the law of God. And the law of the union of employers is the law of God. And the law of the disappearance of both is the law of God. But your book leaves me wondering what you think of all this. Whether you think the labor unions and the unions of employers are for forever. Whether you do not see that the unions both sides are unions for war. Whether you do not see that the human heart is tired of war. That it is trying to find the way of peace. That is, the way of justice. And that when justice comes your unions will have lapsed. Their power for good being merged into a greater power for good."

Do you doubt that the time will come when "the lion and the lamb" of capital and labor shall lie down together? There is little cause for doubt. So material a thinker as Herbert Spencer is credited, by a recent writer in *Lucifer*, with having expressed through his writings the belief that as the development of man proceeded competition in altruism would take the place of the present competition, and that the virtuous man of the future "will be he who gives up an opportunity of sacrificing himself in order that some one else may have the pleasure of doing so instead."

Altruism is only the highest form of selfishness. There is, in strict truth, no self-sacrifice connected with it. It is merely acting upon the belief that *your own highest good depends upon the highest good of the race as a whole.*

When capital and labor once see that it is really for the *highest interest* of *each* to co-operate instead of fight, then and not until then may we look for a *permanent* settlement of their differences.

FRUIT AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET. All health seekers should make fruit a prominent feature of their diet.

Fruit promotes digestion and kills germs.

Many a bad case of chronic indigestion could be cured by the free use of fruit as an article of diet.

It does little good to eat fruit as a dessert at the end of a meal. It should be eaten at the beginning and constitute a substantial part of the meal itself. Indeed one meal a day of clear fruit or of fruit and nuts, would prove beneficial to nearly everyone.

Many people say that they cannot eat fruit. And in nearly every case of this kind you will find either that the right kind of fruits are not chosen or they are eaten at improper times.

By the right kind of fruits I mean those adapted to the needs of each case. For instance, raw apples are difficult of digestion where there is a tendency to weakness of the stomach, while grapes, peaches, strawberries, etc., may produce no ill effects.

Apples are often eaten without being properly masticated, which makes them hard to digest.

And fruit is often taken into the stomach before a previous meal is properly digested, and creates disturbance in this way. Oranges especially, if eaten when the stomach is not empty may cause unpleasant symptoms.

If you make up your mind to agree with the fruit that you eat, and then select ripe sound fruit and masticate it thoroughly you will soon find yourself able to eat almost anything in the line of fruit. But it is a good plan to study up the qualities of the different kinds of fruits, and learn by experiment the best time for eating them.

A fruit breakfast is a grand thing for a great many people, providing any breakfast is eaten. A fruit breakfast is the next best thing to the "no-breakfast-plan," and in certain cases more beneficial.

Fruit juice is largely composed of pure distilled water, and serves to dissolve and wash away all impurities in the body.

But fruit juice is also of great benefit in another way. It is death to the various forms of germ life that make the stomach their stamping ground.

In a recent editorial in *Good Health* Dr. Kellogg says:

"We have now examined the fluids from some 16,000 stomachs for the purpose of investigating the relation of foods to indigestion. We took the different kinds of stomach germs, planted them in different kinds of foods, put them into tubes, and watched the effects. Two interesting facts were at once discovered: (1) that the germs that infest the stomach could not be made to grow in fruit juice; (2) that fruit juice would not support germ life. No germs could be found alive in the fruit juices after a few hours. They would grow in the extract of grains, though not very vigorously; but in beef tea the most deadly and virulent germs flourished luxuriantly."

The doctor goes on to say that when bacteriologists want to raise germs for purposes of study they use extract of beef in which to grow them.

The fact that meat furnishes such good nourishment for bacteria, which cannot live in fruit juice, indicates that fruit juice would be especially useful in counteracting, to some extent, the bad effects of too much meat eating.

To anyone who has given up the meat eating habit and who desires to cleanse his system in the shortest time possible, a free use of fruit will prove an invaluable aid.

Peaches, strawberries and similar soft fruits are especially good for indigestion. Cooked fruits like prunes and figs are also beneficial for this purpose.

Many derive much benefit from eating an apple just before retiring at night.

An orange eaten in the morning acts as a laxative. Dried figs ditto.

A French physician has recently published an article which demonstrates very conclusively that meat eating is a great factor in causing appendicitis and that among people who live almost entirely on fruits and cereals this disease is almost unknown.

A whole volume might be written anent the benefits of fruit, but perhaps I have said sufficient to call your attention to the matter, and you can work out the details yourselves.

Eat plenty of fruit.

Don't be a crank on the subject, or expect it to make you a new being within a week, but *eat plenty of fruit.*

W. E. T.

BRIEFS.

By William E. Towne.

* * * Again *The Nautilus* has added a new section to its mansion, and now occupies an additional flat across the hall from the one in which we have lived the past year. A partition was taken out uniting the two flats in one. We needed more space for storage purposes, and for the desks of the five young ladies who act as our assistants.

* * * Is it any wonder that people are poor and grovel in poverty and want when we consider the mental attitude in which they exist? A knowledge of the law of cause and effect as manifested in the realm of vibrations would soon bring the material means for lightening this enormous burden of care under which so large a portion of humanity are bowed down.

* * * It is an absolute impossibility for a person to be opulent in purse and mentally hug and squeeze every dollar that passes through his hands. The miser may seem to contradict this statement, but in reality he proves it. The miser hoards his money because he loves it; the poverty stricken wretch clings to each dollar like grim death because he fears that he cannot obtain another. The miser is confident, and aggressive. His past success gives him reason to believe that he can pile up more and more gold in the future by being saving in the present, and he saves for the love of saving.

* * * If you want more money, you must get out of the pinching vibrations and stay out. You may say that this is all very beautiful in theory, but that under our present industrial system it is an absolute impossibility for everyone to live in comfort. According to my idea it will be necessary to get out of the poverty vibrations before any great change can result in the present industrial system. As fast as your minds become free the conditions that bind will re-adjust themselves to correspond.

* * * When you spend a dollar, even though it be your last, spend it *freely*. Do not send it out into the world charged with the vibrations of want, failure, hopelessness, etc. Do not permit yourself to send out such vibrations into the ethers at any time. For "as ye sow so shall ye reap."

* * * If you doubt that this is a practical philosophy to apply to the daily affairs of life, I can only ask you to give it a thorough test. I have proved its absolute truth to my own satisfaction and believe you can do the same.

* * * All the reform movements of the age which seek to establish an improved industrial system have their origin in the mental effort which men are making to free themselves and others from poverty. As the majority of people are material minded they naturally seek for material methods to accomplish their purpose. These methods are all good as far as they go. But a study of the spiritual side of life gives the key to the cause of things without the employment of cumbersome and roundabout material methods. To the one who finds the spiritual cause of things the necessary material methods follow without effort.

* * * The new thought ideas are spreading at a tremendous rate. We do not find so many new publications springing up as advocates of the new thought, but the old ones are fast extending their spheres of influence. They are settling down to a more solid basis of truth, and we find in them less that is visionary and unsubstantial than heretofore.

* * * *Suggestion* is now a distinctively new thought magazine, and its subscription list is growing fast. The *Magazine of Mysteries* now prints about 170,000 copies monthly. *Medical Talk*, while not a strictly new thought publication,

is friendly to all phases of the subject, and the publishers are putting out about 200,000 copies monthly. *Success,* the great New York magazine, voices many of the new thought ideas in its articles and editorials. It has a circulation of over 300,000.

* * * One of the greatest of earthly blessings is work—congenial work which is an expression of yourself. No wonder that Carlyle said, "Blessed is that man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessing."

W. E. T.

ANENT BOOKS AND THINGS.

—One of our latest exchanges is *The Light of Reason,* a handsome magazine published by The Savoy Publishing Company, 1 Savoy Steps, Strand, London, England, and ably edited by James Allen, the author of "From Poverty to Power." Price of magazine, four shillings, $1.00, per year.

—"Our Story of Atlantis" is an interesting record by W. P. Phelon, M. D., of his voyages in the astral body to the traditional submerged continent of Atlantis. Whether or not one believes there was ever a great continent whose highly civilized people sank with it into the depths of the sea, one cannot fail to be fascinated and uplifted by Dr. Phelon's well told story. The book is published by the Hermetic Book Concern, San Francisco, and I believe the selling price is one dollar.

—"Health Hints to Mothers About Babies," is a sensible little treatise, price ten cents, by Ella A. Jennings, M. D., 28 East 23d street, a physician of wide repute and practice.

—From R. C. Markham, M. D., of the Markham Sanatorium, Marquette, Mich., I have received a beautiful little booklet and a very suggestive chart on "The Two Sides of Life," based upon the teachings of Christ and Paul. Both are illustrated with diagrams which will well repay careful study, and each contains a fine engraving of Hoffman's head of Christ. Both book and chart, which is handsome and useful enough to deserve framing, may be had of Dr. Markham for fifty cents.

—"Evolutionism, the New Religion," is the title of an attractive little creed issued by The Evolutionists, 204 Dearborn street, Chicago.

—I am in receipt of a pale blue and gold cloth bound volume of 362 pages which bears the same title as one of my own books—"The Constitution of Man." This "Constitution"—"physical, psychical and spiritual," as the title page says—is written by E. L. Dohoney, dedicated to the late Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, and published by Reed Publishing Company, Denver. Price not stated. A complete philosophy of life which is probably as near right as anybody's; interesting and plain.

—In *Christian* for February (1657 Clarkson street, Denver, Col.) are two articles I wish everybody would read. One is "Environment," by the immortal Thomas J. Shelton himself (who has recently sworn off swearing in print), and the other is "Truth," by Edwin C. Burnell, who for a wonder is not too pyrotechnic to stun the average intellect. And when Burnell doesn't get in quite his usual quota of mental sky rockets and Roman candles he is fine.

—We welcome again the dainty white and blue *Interpreter,* edited by Rev. George Chainey of Williams Bay, Wis., publication of which was suspended through Dr. Chainey's heavy losses by fire some time ago. *The Interpreter* now has a fine home on the shore of Lake Geneva. Success to "Mahanaim" and Dr. Chainey's work.

—"A Talk With Boys," and "Nature Wants Men," are the names of two tiny twenty-five-cent booklets issued by Purity Publishing Company, Drawer 38, Johnstown, Pa.

—"Healing Thoughts," by Dr. Charles W. Close, 126 Birch street, Bangor, Me., is a valuable little ten-cent booklet containing suggestions for self-healing and a form for self-treatment.

—"Pernicious Pork, or Astounding Revelations of the Evil Effects of Eating Swine," is a small and well bound volume the orange colored cover of which is distinctly suggestive of a neatly covered ham. The author is William T. Hallett, whose book I recommend to all pork eaters; publishers, Broadway Publishing Company, 835 Broadway, N. Y.; price, $1.00.

—"Typo-Culturists" is another of the well printed and well bound volumes issued by the Broadway Publishing Company, 835 Broadway, N. Y. This book by Mary Eupha Crawford, is written in the quaint philosophical dialogue form our grandfathers used to delight in, and deals mainly with discipline of our mental and physical faculties. Price not given.

—Seldom have I enjoyed an article more than "Maeterlinck and the Cosmic View," by Benjamin de Casseres, in February issue of *Mind,* published at 569 5th avenue, New York; price, twenty-five cents.

—Col. Oliver C. Sabin happened to be too much of an individualist for Mrs. Eddy's fold, so he came out, started a fold of his own, appointed himself "bishop" and wrote "Christology," a text book for his followers; who, by the way, are many. The price of this book is one dollar. Then he wrote another book of over 100 good sized and interesting pages, called "Divine Healing," which he sends out as a missionary to anyone who will send him six cents in stamps. Besides this he publishes every month a large magazine called the *Washington News-Letter;* and he was one of the prominent speakers at the big New Thought Convention at Chicago. His address is 1329 M street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Success Circle.

*Do you desire to better your condition? Do you desire to help relative or friend to better his? Then join us and GROW SUCCESS. * * * By sending me an order for $3.00 worth of my books and papers you will be entitled to my "Course of Lessons on the Attainment of Success," and a year's membership in the Success Circle without further charge. I will, if desired, enter also the name of your wife or husband or other relative or friend without extra charge. Back dues for* THE NAUTILUS *may be counted in on this $3.00 order. * * * OR, you may have* ONE *membership in the Success Circle for one year, by sending $1.00 for the Course of Lessons and a year's subscription to* NAUTILUS *IN ADVANCE. If you are in arrears for* NAUTILUS *it will be necessary to pay up to date, and send $1.00 besides, to pay for a year in advance, and the Lessons. * * * OR, you may have* ONE *membership in the Circle by sending $1.00 for "How to Grow Success" (or any other of my own books to the amount of 50 cents), and the "Course of Lessons on the Attainment of Success." * * * REMEMBER, no books or papers substituted for mine. NOTE TERMS CAREFULLY, for NO deviations will be made. * * * Every member of the Circle should have besides the new Lessons and* NAUTILUS, *a copy each of "How to Grow Success," "Solar Plexus" book and "How to Concentrate," as aids in understanding and applying the law of success. * * * Each number of* THE NAUTILUS *contains a special letter to the Success Circle members (see below), and the "Lessons on The Attainment of Success" give full instructions for personal development of health, happiness and success. * * * When joining write me a brief and TO-THE-POINT statement of your desires, and if convenient send a photo of yourself, with name, address and date of birth written on the back. Do not send one that must be returned, and see that postage is fully prepaid. * * * Your order will be filled and the first of the Course of Lessons sent you by return mail.*

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

TO THE SUCCESS CIRCLE:—

"As to the half hour every day; this has been an utter impossibility so far for me to accomplish, as we have a large family and I occupy a room with my two sisters. We have no unoccupied room in the house which could be used for the purpose, and my own room is not my own, as I can never hope to be the only occupant even for a half hour. At the same time I have tried to make up for this lack by making *every* act one of concentration. But I fully appreciate that I lose in not being able to follow your directions exactly." Rose.

To people who are situated as Rose is—and there are many of them—I would suggest that they use the half hour, or perhaps less, just before rising and again ten minutes or more before going to sleep at night. This can be made effective, as I know from my own experience. One can go into the silence beside a sleeping person and the sleeping one be none the wiser. Turn on your back and lie without the pillow, unless it is a very small one. Then follow as nearly as you can the directions given in the Lessons except that the eyes may be closed if desired. *See that you sleep with open windows; then you will not breathe foul air to hinder your mental exercises.* In moderate and warm weather keep your windows *wide* open all night. When they are less than *wide* open it is better to let in more air before beginning your exercises. Begin always with eight or ten minutes of slow, full breathings, with mental affirmations of Good, Love, Peace or Joy, according to the need you feel at that time.

After retiring at night turn on your side ready for sleep, but taking good care to have your body *straight* with plenty of room for chest expansion. Do not double over in front and cramp your lungs. Now close your eyes and take slow, full, even breaths with mental repetitions of the word Love, or Joy, or Peace, or Good, using the word (only one word to any one time of such exercise) which at that time appeals to you as describing the state you most desire or need. Continue the breathings and affirmations for five to fifteen minutes, taking pains to keep yourself *positively* awake during all. Then forget the breathing and rise mentally; *imagine* yourself as the Sun of God, the Loving Power of all the universe, and command all the unpleasant things you may be carrying to vanish from your mind; *bless* them, tell them they *all work for good,* and bid them goodspeed; tell yourself that the world and yourself are *clean* now, ready for sleep; that the slate is all wiped off; and that during the night you will float sweetly in the sea of universal Love and Power, which will bear you up and *flow through you, regenerating you to more positive life and power than you had today; that tomorrow you will be happier, healthier, more useful and more successful.* Say these things to yourself *positively* and repeatedly. Then say them less and less positively until you go to sleep on them—floating out on that universal sea of Love, Wisdom, Power and Joy which is regenerating you. In the morning you will feel like the new made being you are—unless mayhap you have eaten *too* heavy a dinner the night before; in which case you will simply feel better than you would had you gone to sleep in the old sodden way.

Of course this way of going to sleep is for everybody, whether he or she lives in a crowded house or not. It is the only way I know of to secure the full quota of rest, recuperation and regeneration which sleep should bring to us all, and which we *cannot* get if we go to sleep with a burdened or divided mind. I have practiced this method for years, until it is habitual with me. Before practicing it I used to dream and toss and talk in my sleep, and it was ten o'clock in the morning before I could get thoroughly awake and rid of the unreasonable blues I waked with.

The sub-conscious and *super*-conscious minds take care of you when asleep, and they are subject to your last or strongest suggestions when going to sleep. Your conscious thoughts *set* your subconscious much as we set an alarm clock, and if you have set your subconscious to fret, worry and resent things while you sleep the *super-conscious,* which is what we call God, has a poor chance to regenerate you physically and mentally. See that you *set yourself right* with the whole world and God too, before going to sleep.

Then *start* yourself right in the morning.

This wa[illegible] lie health, happiness, usefulness, success, joy.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

—Happiness results not from environment, but from the individual's ability to *adjust himself* to whatever environment appears. Happiness and Adaptibility are one and indivisible. The unhappy one's only hope of happiness lies in limbering up by exercise his stiff neck and straight thumb.

—It used to be a universal axiom with farmers that in order to grow large hills of potatoes you had to plant large potatoes. Now it has been well proved and is being accepted, that the little nubbin potatoes make *better* seed than the large ones—that a hill planted with a nubbin potato will produce more and better potatoes than one planted with a piece or two of a big potato. There is a lesson in this for those who believe heredity is a stream which rises no higher than its source. Not only will nubbin potatoes produce a splendid progeny but human small potatoes are quite as apt as their larger neighbors to produce more and better children. Perhaps it is just as well for the perpetuation of the human race that the poorest or most no-account people have the most and the healthiest children, and that the most "cultured"

people eschew large families, or indeed any family at all. Perhaps after a time the rich and cultured and childless (first childless from choice and later from habit and necessity), will learn to appreciate the healthy offspring of small potatoes—appreciate them to the extent of sharing with them their own larger opportunities. But heaven forbid that the rich grow *too* willing, or too suddenly willing, to shower their wealth on the children of small potatoes; lest we all become big and rich and cultured and childless potatoes *before we have mastered the art of living forever.*

—"On suspicion is herewith sent $1.00 for two years' subscription to *Nautilus.* My former fifty cents must be worn very thin by this time. Count me in as a ninety-nine-year subscriber, providing your mental machinery should work on *Nautilus* that long. It is a thought breeder. It is strong in ideas—not second hand and shelf-worn ideas, but ideas that are robust, luminous and inspiring. They are character builders. The paper is free from trash corded up, as found in some new thought papers." L. W. Billingsley, 210 South Fifth street, Lincoln, Neb.

Mr. Billingsley is a lawyer who ornaments the legal profession, even in the town adorned by William Jennings Bryan. That he is up-to-date is attested by those health rules of his which were printed in last *Nautilus.*

—"The present hideousness of toil comes from the fact that it is misdirected and misdistributed. We are forever doing useless, meaningless things in place of the wholesome, beautiful tasks of the simple life. We are forever letting some go scot free, to their own hurt, and binding dreadful burdens upon others, even to the losing of their souls. We are drinking the same poison which proved fatal to Greece, and to every other nation which once was and now is not, the poison of an unconcern for our brother's good. It is a poison which will be equally fatal for America. But the cup grows less alluring as we get the full taste of it. Some time, perhaps, it will be resolutely dashed to the ground. In looking at the beautiful life of our present universities, at its opportunity, its serenity, its spirit of high adventure, one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that for this beautiful life there is a price, the price of less opportunity, less serenity, less high adventure on the part of a multitude of workers. It is the excess of their intemperate toil which makes the universities possible. We should be democratizing the universities to very little purpose if we did not provide, as well as the open door, the partial leisure which is to make the open door available for working men and women. We can only do this through smaller institutions, by scattering the universities and taking them in very fact to the people; only by casting out the useless, meaningless toil, and redistributing the essential remainder, so that into each life there shall come a sound temperance, the temperance of moderate toil and sufficient leisure. The saner life can alone bring the opportunity to use the culture of the university. In proposing that the university shall be the educational process of all men and women, I am but proposing that it shall fulfill its obvious function in realizing the social purpose; for the social purpose, I cannot too often repeat, is not the purpose of the few, but of the many, of the whole; and this purpose, under all disguises and contradictions and eclipses, is just this practical study and pursuit of perfection. When, therefore, the university fails to reach the masses, fails to touch their lives with genuine culture and aspiration, it fails in a very grave social trust: and in the full sweep of those newer democratic forces which are today enkindling the hearts of men, the university of the old regime will either be renovated or supplanted—renovated, if it embrace the more comprehensive purpose; supplanted, if it does not. Those who are satisfied with the Grecian plan of life, a seeming excellence made possible by a foundation of human slavery—and this, mark you, is also the American plan and practice—those who are satisfied with this plan, and who are willing to believe that they profit by it, cannot be expected to enter with any great degree of enthusiasm upon the work of giving up privileges and assuming common duties. Yet there is but one privilege a man may properly cling to. It is the privilege of doing a man's share in the necessary toil of the world, so that other men may have men's shares in the leisure and delight of the world."—From "Education and the Larger Life," by HANFORD HENDERSON.

—"It gives me pleasure to see that you have publicly announced your determination to see the physical side of humanity and that it needs cultivation. It is only as the physical is sound that the psychic can be sane, for there is no manifestation of soul that we can recognize even telepathically except by physical means at present. You no doubt read *Physical Culture* and saw in the January number the editor's plea for funds to aid the M. A.-C. V. Society to carry its test case to Washington. I know you are in sympathy with this movement to do away with compulsory vaccination. I enclose you some literature. Your readers must also be opposed to this practice. Do you feel inclined to make a plea for funds in your bright sheet? We are still not up to the needed mark. The attorney is working on the brief and the subject will be thoroughly presented to our chief justices. Massachusetts is under a deadly incubus and little children are the chief sufferers as education is denied them unless they are first submitted to the filthy rite of vaccination. Cordially and hopefully," Sara Newcomb Merrick, 359 Massachusetts avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Merrick, who is a new thought woman and a *Nautilus* subscriber, is secretary of the Massachusetts Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society, which is educating the benighted portions of New England population. In due time this cause will win the day. Let us all help it along a little by contributing toward the heavy expenses of the test case before the supreme court. Send contributions direct to Dr. Merrick at the above address.

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NOW FOR THE PRIZES At the end of the contest (date to be announced in April *Nautilus) the $10 in cash will go to the friend from whose list or lists we receive the most new subscribers to* THE NAUTILUS; *and the ten one-dollar books will be sent to the ten Nautilus friends from whose lists we gain the ten next highest numbers of new subscribers.*

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Hindu Book of Astrology — Bhakti Seva	Perfect Health — Haskell
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Or the winners may select instead of either of these dollar books, any of my own books to the amount of $1; or *Nautilus* subscriptions to that amount; or may have a year's subscription to *Nautilus* and the Success Circle along with the Lessons on the Attainment of Success.

PLEASE DO IT I ask every reader of *The Nautilus* to enter the lists for these prizes. Please do; do it for love of the paper and the world if you don't care for the prizes; or do it for both; *only do it, and* DO IT NOW. We want the whole world to have *The Nautilus* and *you can help.* Please do; and accept in advance our cordial thanks, and later our eleven good prizes.

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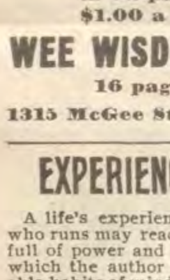
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